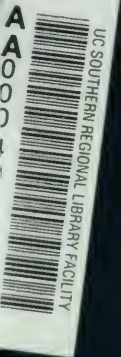


THE SIXTEEN
PERFECTIVE LAWS OF ART

VOL. II



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EDWARD EVERETT.

THE SIXTEEN
PERFECTIVE LAWS OF ART
APPLIED TO ORATORY.

BY
CHARLES WESLEY EMERSON,
FOUNDER EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY, BOSTON.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



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KEY TO CHAPTER FIRST.

LUMINOSITY.

ART is not for a spectacle, it should call no attention to itself. It reveals a message to others and always seems to say, "behold what I reveal."

Art is a servant, not a master, a means, not an end. In its early development, art was partly a revelation, and partly an object of interest in itself, but as it developed to perfection in the highest Greek productions, it became wholly a revelation, and turned the mind away from itself to what it revealed.

The manner of the true orator attracts no attention to itself. In this particular, it can hardly be said to be negative, for it is positive in turning all thoughts from the speaker to what is being spoken. It is next to impossible to notice the great orator's voice or gestures or any method by which he conveys truth, beauty, and good to the inner being of his audience.

The most that the closest observation can perceive of the orator in this regard is, that his entire presence is full of light and radiance. All the parts of his being seem to be inspired and unified by the living thoughts

which his words represent. Great attention is given to the audience but it is all in the form of presenting and unfolding what is contained in the discourse.

All thought and feeling are subordinated to the spirit of revelation.

Oratory may well be compared to light, which reveals everything but itself

CHAPTER 1

LUMINOSITY.

The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord.—PROVERBS.

Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick: and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine.—ST. MATTHEW.

OUR SNOWY RANGE.

1. "LOOK! Now you can see the Rockies!" In response to these words of a fellow-passenger, I turned my eyes in the direction indicated, and through the window of the smoothly running sleeper, I caught my first glimpse of the "Snowy Range." From that time until our train reached Denver, my eyes hardly roved from the fascinating view. What a sublime picture is that made by the distant range as it slowly grows upon the vision!

2. It does not seem possible that those shimmering peaks are the crests of rugged mountains. As delicate as cloud castles, they float there in the western horizon, gleaming like the walls and towers of the celestial city

itself. No pen can describe them, no pencil paint them. They are "such stuff as dreams are made of," and there is no pigment delicate enough to paint their spiritual beauty.

3. It is from such pictures in nature that the human soul has constructed its images of another world, more delicate and fair than this. The sunlight falling upon the snow-clad peaks gilds them with a lustre that outshines that of all the gold contained within their rugged sides. Nowhere in the United States, and perhaps not in Europe, can a grander scene be found, than this of the great Snowy Range, as first viewed from the plains of Colorado. It is the fair crown, set with pearls and diamonds, worn by Columbia, queen of the world.

4. It seemed at first almost sacrilegious to think of invading the fair realm, and treading its alabaster fields with worldly feet. I felt as if suddenly confronting the gates of the new Jerusalem, the dust and stains of a grosser realm forbidding me to enter. But as the pilgrim washes away all earthly stains in the river Jordan, and fits himself for residence in the Holy Land, so would I, by communion with this beauty from afar, cleanse and make myself worthy to enter its charmed domain.

5. I felt the need of relaxation from all responsibilities and cares, and believed that a season of rough life among the crags and pines, with no wall between myself and Nature's air and sunshine, would richly

repay me both in health and pleasure. We of the present generation are such a race of pot-plants that we are afraid of every frost and wind of rough experience. We must be protected from the sun and wind, and carefully nursed into a condition of chronic invalidism, before we can perceive the lesson of all nature, that health and vigor come only out of conflict and a rugged life. The blossom of a true character must be supported by a rugged stock, well fixed in the soil of the earth.

6. When I had pitched my tent on a high plateau overlooking Manitou, and arranged my possessions, I began to feel the freedom and joy of nature invading my whole being. I felt like a bird released from a cage — full of the joy of new liberty, but perplexed as to how I should use it. Sometimes I had a momentary longing for the world I had left, as the released prisoner is said to often long for the cell in which he has been for years confined. But gradually I found my place in the great order of nature, and began to live as free and joyous as the birds.

7. Among the famous scenic resorts in the vicinity of Manitou may be mentioned as especially remarkable William's Cañon and the Garden of the Gods. William's Cañon is a deep and narrow defile, with steep rugged walls, between which flows a clear and musical mountain stream. The formation of the sides of this cañon is quite remarkable. High walls of reddish rock rise from the bed of the stream, carved

into forms of castle walls and towers. It needs only the trailing ivy that clothes the ruined castles of the Rhine to give this place all the romance and mystery of old European scenes. In the rocky walls of this cañon are some remarkable caves, much frequented by curious visitors.

8. "The Garden of the Gods" is one of the most beautiful spots in any country. In some past geologic time Titanic forces here disported themselves in rude and rugged action. Great forms of red rock rise abruptly out of the grass-grown soil, carved into all the shapes that the wildest fancy could imagine. The active imagination may engage itself with these curious forms for hours, and not tire itself or exhaust their possibilities of new suggestiveness.

9. These solid forms are as fluent and volatile to the fancy as are the sun-kissed clouds of heaven, in which the poetic eye can see so many images of beauty. But these sculptures of nature are crude and barbarous. They suggest not the fine and delicate beauty of the Greek, but the rude and colossal sculptures of the Egyptians, who represented in eternal stone the power and freedom of nature. They were no Olympian gods that presided over the forces which produced these remarkable sculptures. They were rather the Norse gods of our Scandinavian ancestors, who, in fierce and rugged action, played with the plastic material of old earth, and left this rocky Valhalla to amaze the minds of mortals. Thor, with his great hammer, carved yon

rugged pile, which towers hundreds of feet into the thin air, and these quaint and curious boulders that lie around are the chips that flew under his powerful and ringing strokes.

10. A man can truly live only when in vital union with the nature of which he constitutes a part. When he is insulated by brick walls and slate roofs and stone pavements, he cannot come into any vital relations with nature. He must go into the fields and woods, and embrace the trees as his dumb brothers; tread reverently on the green grass, as if every blade quivered with recognition of his presence; uncover his head to the sky and sunshine, and let the genial warmth of the summer day penetrate his very soul. Then he *lives* and enjoys life.

11. I can content myself with nothing less than the continual presence of nature. I deplore the close of day because darkness shuts out the fair landscape, with its sun-lit expanse of hill and meadow, and its floating clouds; and I am obliged to go into my tent and draw a veil between myself and the world I love so well. To be sure, the stars shine, but they are too solemnly beautiful for a mortal to long gaze upon. They drive me mad with awe and wonder, and fill me with a deep melancholy. The day is beautiful, but the night is solemn and awful.

12. With the break of day I am awake and joyous. The world seems to join me in singing the joy of life. As I open the curtain of my tent and step out into the

pure, sweet air of morning, and watch the great sun rising in majestic splendor over the eastern hills, I am filled with emotions very near to worship. I feel that I could stand reverently with uplifted face turned toward the opening eastern gates, and lift up my voice in a prayer like that of the Parsee devotee, greeting with glad reverence the god of day, sending back to him an echo of the universal joy which he awakens, when, attended by singing birds and unseen forms bearing the blazing banners of dawn, he steps forth out of night and mystery into day and beauty.

13. I am come to that point where it seems to me I cannot endure any, even the thinnest, veil between myself and nature. Even in a tent with open end, I am "cabined, cribbed, confined," and after a few hours should chafe like any prisoner in his solitary stone cell. In this free, natural life I expand to the uttermost limits of the sphere. The horizon seems too small an enclosure for my expansive and restless spirit. I learn by this experience that I am not made to inhabit space or time, but to dwell in eternity and immensity. The stars shall be only dust specks in the streaming light of the Spirit, and I shall contain and vivify all in my own life.

SOLON LOUER.

A DAY IN JUNE.

I.

AND what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;
The heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, grasping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;

II.

The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean,
To be some happy creature's palace;

III.

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illuminated being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest —
In the nice ear of nature which song is the best?

IV.

Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay ;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it ;
We are happy now because God so wills it ;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green ;

V.

We sit in the warm shade, and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell ;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing ;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by ;
And if the breeze kept the good news back
For other couriers we should not lack !

VI.

We could guess it by yon heifer's lowing —
And hark ! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing !
Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how ;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving

'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As the grass to be green, or the skies to be blue —
'Tis the natural way of living.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

THE PEN AND THE TONGUE.

1. WHEN St. James says, "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body," one is at first surprised. It would seem to place the sum of virtue in a very little thing. But a larger experience of life would change our opinion. The tongue is the exponent of the soul. It is the flame which it issues, as lightning is the tongue of the clouds. It is the sword of anger, the club of brutal rage, the sting of envy. It is the soul's right hand, by which it strikes with wasting power. On the other hand, the tongue is the soul's voice of mercy; the string on which its love vibrates as music; the pencil with which it fashions its fairest pictures; the almoner of its gifts; the messenger of its bounties!

2. By speech a man may touch human life within and without. No sceptre has such power in a king's hand as the soul hath in a ready tongue; which also has this advantage, that well uttered words never die, but go sounding on to the end of the world, not lost

when seemingly silent, but rising and falling between the generations of men, as ships rise and fall between waves, hidden at times, but not sunken. A fit speech is like a sweet and favorite tune. Once struck out, it may be sung or played forever. It flies from man to man, and makes its nest in the heart as birds do in trees.

3. This is remarkably exemplified in maxims and proverbs. A generation of men, by their experience, prove some moral truth, and all know it as a matter of consciousness. By and by some happy man puts the truth into words, and ten thousand people say, He got that from me; for a proverb is a child born from ten thousand parents. Afterwards the proverb has the liberty of the world. A good proverb wears a crown and defies revolution or dethronement. It walks up and down the earth, an invisible knight-errant helping the needy. A man might frame and set loose a star to roll in its orbit, and yet not have done so memorable a thing before God as he who lets go a golden-orbed speech to roll through the generations of time.

4. The tongue may be likened to an organ, which, though but one instrument, has within it an array of different pipes and stops, and discourses in innumerable combinations. If one man sits before it not skilled to control its powers, he shall make it but a monstrous jargon. But when one comes who knows its ways, and has control of its powers, then it becomes a moun-

tain of melody, and another might well think he heard the city of God in the hour of its singing. The tongue is the key-board of the soul; but it makes a world of difference who sits to play upon it. "Therewith bless we God, and therewith curse we men." It is sweeter than honey; it is bitterer than gall. It is balm and consolation; it is sharper than a serpent's tooth. It is a wand that touches with hope and lifts us up; it is a mace that beats us down, and leaves us wounded upon the ground. One trumpet, but how different the blasts blown upon it, by love, by joy, by humility, or by hatred, pride, anger!

5. A heart that is full of goodness, that loves and pities, that yearns to invest the richest of its mercy in the souls of those that need it—how sweet a tongue hath such a heart! A flute sounded in a wood, in the stillness of evening, and rising up among leaves that are not stirred by the moonlight above, or by those murmuring sounds beneath; a clock, that sighs at half-hours, and at the full hours beats the silver bell so gently, that we know not whence the sound comes, unless it falls through the air from heaven, with sounds as sweet as dewdrops make, falling upon flowers; a bird whom perfumes have intoxicated, sleeping in a blossomed tree, so that it speaks in its sleep with a note so soft that sound and sleep strive together, and neither conquers, but the sound rocks itself upon the bosom of sleep, each charming the other; a brook that brings down the greeting of the

mountains to the meadows, and sings a serenade all the way to the faces that watch themselves in its brightness;—these, and a hundred like figures, the imagination brings to liken thereunto the charms of a tongue which love plays upon.

6. Even its silence is beautiful. Under a green tree we see the stream so clear that nothing is hidden to the bottom. We cast in round, white pebbles to hear them plash, and to see the crystal-eyed fish run in and sail out again. So there are some whose speaking is like the fall of jasper stones upon the silent river, and whose stillness follows speech as silent fish that move like dreams beneath the untroubled water! It was in some such dreaming mood, methinks, Old Solomon spoke, “A wholesome tongue is a tree of life.” And what fruit grows thereon he explains when he afterwards says, “A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver,”—beautiful whether seen through the silver network of the sides, or looked upon from above, resting their orbéd ripeness upon the fretted edge of the silver bed.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

I.

WHEN klinge, klangle, klinge,
Far down the dusty dingle,
The cows are coming home ;
Now sweet and clear, now faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from the far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
That makes the daisies grow ;
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolingleleingle,
Far down the darkening dingle,
The cows come slowly home.

II.

And old-time friends, and twilight plays,
And starry nights and sunny days,
Come trooping up the misty ways
When the cows come home.
With jingle, jangle, jingle,
Soft tones that sweetly mingle —
The cows are coming home ;

III.

Malvine, and Pearl, and Florimel,
DeKamp, Red Rose, and Gretchen Schell,
Queen Bess, and Sylph, and Spangled Sue,
Across the fields I hear her “loo-oo”

And clang her silver bell ;
Go-ling, go-lang, golingledingle,
With faint, far sounds that mingle,
The cows come slowly home.

IV.

And mother-songs of long-gone years,
And baby-joys and childish fears,
And youthful hopes and youthful tears,
When the cows come home.
With ringle, rangle, ringle,
By twos and threes and single,
The cows are coming home.

V.

Through violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun a-sliding down,
And the maple in the hazel glade
Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown ;
To-ring, to-rang, toringleringle,
By threes and fours and single,
The cows come slowly home.

VI.

A-loitering in the checkered stream,
Where the sun-rays glance and gleam,
Clarine, Peach-bloom, and Phebe Phillis
Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies,

In a drowsy dream ;
To-link, to-lank, tolinklelinkle,
O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle,
The cows come slowly home.

VII.

And up through memory's deep ravine
Come the brook's old song and its old-time sheen,
And the crescent of the silver queen,
When the cows come home.
With kingle, klangle, kingle,
With loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle,
The cows are coming home.

VIII.

And over there on Merlin Hill
Sounds the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will,
And the dew-drops lie on the tangled vines,
And over the poplars Venus shines,
And over the silent mill.
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglelingle,
With ting-a-ling and jingle,
The cows come slowly home.

IX.

Let down the bars ; let in the train
Of long-gone songs, and flowers, and rain ;
For dear old times come back again,
When the cows come home.

SAVE THE FALLEN.

1. I REMEMBER reading that in the Bosphorus a beautiful jewel was dropped in the water, and they desired to ascertain the place where the gem had fallen, for it was valuable; but the surface was so rough they could not discern it. Some one proposed to pour oil on the water; they did so, saw the jewel, and obtained it. Now the drunkard's breast is like troubled waters, casting up mire and dirt. Let us drop the oil of sympathy upon the heaving waters, and just as sure as God put a jewel there we will have it. Bright and beautiful ones are now shining like stars in the firmament of talent, virtue, morality, and religion, that have been brought to the surface by the oil of sympathy. It makes the water clear, so that we know just where to dive.

2. It is worth while to work for others: It is worth something to save life. As the day broke, one fearfully stormy morning, a large barque ran on a bank of sand, eight miles from the British coast, and lay there at the mercy of the tempest, filling with water. She rapidly began to settle, the waves breaking fiercely over her. Her boats were knocked to pieces, her hatches were stove in. Eighteen men were in the rigging, clinging to the shrouds of that sprung and broken foremast; the mainmast was gone. No hope was in their hearts, no help was nigh.

3. But is there no hope, no help? They are seen from the shore. No sooner is the word passed, "A wreck! a wreck!" than the gallant boat-men spring to the beach. "Man the lifeboat!" Yes, but the waves are driving furiously in to shore. "Man the lifeboat!" Yes, but the snow is drifting in blinding squalls. "Man the lifeboat!" One by one the noble fellows take their places. Out they dash in the teeth of the gale. "Oars out, my men. Steady! Oars out!"

4. They are knee-deep in water. The waves beat upon them; they are drenched, and all but drowned. Yet how cheerfully they bend their backs to the ashen oars. "Hold on, every man of you!" Every man holds on to the thwart before him, whilst an immense wave rolls over, burying them fathoms deep. They rise and shake their locks. But where is the wreck? The weather is so thick they cannot see her. Now there is a break in the drift; there she lies, the star-board bow the only part of the hull visible.

5. Are there any men in that tangled rigging? Yes, see! the rigging is full of them. "Now, steady, men, steady. Keep clear of the wreck. Steady! Ah, we have them now." She lies alongside; and one by one the poor, half-drowned, half-frozen wretches drop into the boat, and out she drifts into the boiling sea.

6. Amid the peril of the return, with the fierce waves hissing after them, how steadily they row. And now the lights break upon them from the shore, and

soon the lookers-out on the beach hail them, "Lifeboat, ahoy! Are they all safe?" "Ay, ay, every man safe." How they cheer! and the cheer is louder and more hearty than that which greets the champion boat in a race. And why? Because these men have saved human life.

7. Are there no wrecks around us, wrecks of intellect, wrecks of genius, wrecks of all that makes men noble? Man the lifeboat! man the lifeboat, and save them! See how they are drifting. Helm gone, compass gone. Man the lifeboat! See how they are dashed by the fierce waves upon the strand, wrecked and ruined. Man the lifeboat and save them! And if so be that you help some poor struggling soul through this world's wickedness into the haven of peace and rest, cheer after cheer from human voices may never salute you; but the shining white-robed angels shall smile upon you, and God's approval shall crown your noble endeavor, and the souls you have saved shall be as stars forever in the crown of your rejoicing.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

THE PINE.

I.

ALONE, without a friend or foe,
Upon the rugged cliff I stand,
And see the valley far below
Its social world of trees expand;
A hermit pine I muse above,
And dream and wait for her I love,
For her, the fanciful and free,
That brings my purest joy to me.

II.

Oft dancing from the laughing sea
When morning blazes on my crest,
All wild with life and gayety
She springs to me with panting breast.
Her sun-spun ringlets loosely blown,
And eyes that seem the dawn to own,
She greets me with impetuous air,
And shakes the dew-drops from my hair.

III.

At midnight as I stand asleep,
While constellations stream above,
I hear her up the mountain creep
With sighs and whispers full of love:
There in my arm she gently lies,
And breathes mysterious melodies,
And with her childlike winning ways
Among my leaves and branches plays.

IV.

Heaped in the winter's snowy shroud,
With icy fingers to each limb,
Or drenched by summer's thunder-cloud,
Of her, and her alone, I dream ;
And where the trees are bending low,
And the broad lake with crispèd flow
Darkens its face despite the sun,
I watch her through the valley run.

V.

Sometimes, when parched in summer noon,
She brings me odors from the east,
And draws a cloud before the sun
And fans me into peaceful rest.
In my siesta while I drowse
She rustling slips amid my boughs,
And teases me, the while that I
In dreamy whispers make reply.

VI.

Sometimes as if in fierce despair,
The tears of passion on her face,
With tempest locks and angry air
She round me flings her wild embrace,
And sobs, and moans, and madly storms,
And struggles in my aching arms
Until, the wild convulsion past,
She falls away to sleep at last.

VII.

And if my fate at length ordain
This fallen trunk of mine to bear
Some stately vessel o'er the main,
I know she'll not forget me there.
And oft the sailor 'mid the gale
Above my corse shall hear her wail
And sob with tears of agony,
Far out on the Atlantic sea.

W. W. STORY.

KEY TO CHAPTER SECOND.

REPOSE.

THE analysis of that which impresses us as repose shows it to be energy without apparent effort.

The aim of this chapter is to put the greatest amount of energy into the expression without permitting the slightest effort to appear. This practice will develop great power and a pleasing manner in the speaker.

“Ease in force is power.”

CHAPTER II.

REPOSE.

The house was built of stone made ready, so there was neither hammer nor ax heard in the house while it was building.—I. KINGS.

Those things which cannot be shaken may remain.—HEBREWS.

They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed but abideth forever.—PSALMS.

AFTON WATER.

I.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes.
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

II.

Thou stockdove whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

III.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear, winding rills.
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

IV.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses grow;
There oft as mild evening sweeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

V.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

VI.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

ROBERT BURNS.

BEAUTY IN THE WORLD OF MATTER.

1. LATE at night of a Saturday the milliner's girl shuts up the close-pent shop, and, through such darkness as the city allows, walks to her home in the narrow street. All day long, and all the week, she has been busy with bonnets and caps, crowns and fronts, capes and lace and ribbons; with gauze, muslin, tape, wire, bows, and artificial flowers; with

fits and misfits, bearings and unbearings, fixings and unfixings, tryings on and takings off; with looking in the glass at "nods, becks, and wreathed smiles," — till now the poor girl's head swims with the heat of the day and the bad air of the shop, and her heart aches with weary loneliness.

2. Now, thankful for the coming Sunday, she sits down in her little back chamber, opens the blinds, and looks out at the western sky, taking a long breath. Over her head what a spectacle! In the western horizon there yet linger some streaks of day; a pale red hue, toned up with a little saffron-colored light, lies over Brighton and Cambridge and Watertown, — a reflection it seems from the great Sea of Day which tosses there far below the horizon, where the people are yet at their work; for with them it is still the hot, bustling Saturday afternoon, and the welcome Night has not yet reached them, putting her children to bed with her cradle hymn, —

"Hush, my child, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings without number
Hover o'er thy infant head!"

3. One lamp of heavenly light pours its divine beauty into the room. What a handsome thing it is, that Evening Star! No wonder men used to worship it as a goddess, at once Queen of Beauty and of Love, thinking while unlovely ice tipped the sphere and

bounded the Arctic and Antarctic realm, that she ruled into one those two temperate zones of an ideal world, and even the tropic belt between the two. Well, God forgive the poor heathens! they might have worshipped something meaner than that "bright particular star," full of such significance; many a Christian has gone further, and done worse, whom may God also pity and bless!

4. If Kathie's eyes were bright enough, she could see that this interior star has now the shape of the New Moon, and is getting fuller every night. But what a blessed influence both of beauty and of love it pours into that little hired chamber! Then all about the heavens there is such wealth of stars of all sizes, all colors, — steel-gray, sapphire, emerald, ruby, white, yellow, — each one "a beauty and a mystery!"

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star," (quoth she),
"How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!"

5. What a sight it is! yet God charges nothing for the spectacle; the eye is the only ticket of admission; commonly it is also a season-ticket given for a lifetime, only now and then it is lost, and the darkened soul looks out no more, but only listens to those other stars, which also rise and set in the audible deep — for the ear likewise has its celestial hemisphere and Kingdom

of Heaven. But those stars the poor maiden looks at belong to nobody; the heavens are God's guest chamber: he lets in all that will.

6. Our maiden knows a few of the chief lights — great hot Sirius, the three in Orion's belt, the North star, the Pointers, and some of those others "which outwatch the Bear," and never set. Poor tired girl, here is one thing to be had without money. God's costliest stars to you come cheap as wishing! All night long this Beauty broods over the sleeping town — a Hanging-garden, not Babylonian, but Heavenly, whereof the roses are eternal, and thornless also. How large and beautiful they look as you stand in dismal lanes and your eyes do not fail of looking upwards; full of womanly reproach as you look at them from amid the riot and uproar and debauchery of wicked men. Yet they cost nothing — everybody's stars. The dew of their influence comes upon her, noiseless and soft and imperceptible, and lulls her wearied limbs.

"Oh Sleep! it is a blessed thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mother God the praise be given!
She sent the blessed Sleep from heaven
Which slid into her soul."

7. At one touch of this wonderworking hand the maiden's brain triumphs over her mere muscles, her mind over the tired flesh; the material sky is transfigured into the spiritual heaven, and the bud of beauty

opens into the flower of love. Now she walks, dreamy, in the kingdom of God. What a world of tropic luxuriance springs up around her! — fairer than artists paint, her young “Imagination bodies forth the forms of things unseen,” nor needs a poet’s pen to give those “airy nothings a local habitation and a name.” No Garden of Eden did poet ever describe so fair, for God “giveth to his beloved even in their sleep” more than most wakeful artists can reconstruct when “the meddling intellect misshapes the forms of things.”

8. What a Kingdom of Heaven she walks in; the poor tired maiden from the shop now becomes the new Eve in this Paradise of dreams! But forms of earth still tenant there. It is still the daily life, but now all glorified: Sleep and Love are the Moses and Elias who work this real and not miraculous transfiguration. The little close-pent shop is a cathedral now, vaster than St. Peter’s, richer too than all Genoese marbles in its vari-colored decoration; the furniture and merchandise are transubstantiated to arches, columns, statues, pictures.

9. Ribbons stretch into fair galleries from pillar to pillar, lighter and more graceful than Cologne or Strasbourg can boast in their architectural romance, writ in poetic stone, and the poor tape of the shop is now a stairway climbing round a column of the transept and winding into the dome far out of sight, till the mind, outrunning that other disciple, the eye, takes wings to follow its aerial ramp, which ends only in the light of

day streaming in at the top and coloring the walls, storied all over with the pictured glory of heavenly scenes.

10. The counter has become the choir and chancel; the desk is the great high altar. The roar of the street — where market-wagons, drays, omnibuses, coaches, carts, gigs, mix in one continuous uproar from morn till eve — is now subdued into music sweeter and sublimer too than the Pope ever heard in his Sistine chapel, nay, though he were composed for by Beethoven and Mozart, and sung to and aided by all the great masters of heroic song, from old Timotheus, who “raised a mortal to the skies,” to St. Cecilia, who “drew an angel down.” What manly and womanly voices sing forth the Psalm of Everlasting Life, while the spherul melody of Heaven is the organ-chant which they all follow!

11. A visionary lover comes forth,—his form a manly fact, seen daily from the window of her shop, his love a maidenly dream of many a natural and waking hour. He comes from the high altar; it is the Desire of all nations, the Saviour himself, the second Adam, the King of glory. He leads her through this church of love, built of Sleep and Beauty, takes her within the veil to the Holy of Holies, where dwells the Eternal; therein, that which is in part is done away, and the mortal Maid and immortal Lover are made one forever and ever.

12. Sleep on, O maiden! and take thy rest till the

morning star usurp the evening's place; nay, till the sexton toll his bell for Sunday prayers! I will not wake thee forth from such a dream, but thank the dear God who watches over those who rise early and sit up late, who giveth to his beloved even in their sleep!

THEODORE PARKER.

HOPE TRIUMPHANT IN DEATH.

I.

UNFADING Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return,
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh! then thy kingdom comes, Immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day;
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin!
And all thy Phenix spirit burns within!

II.

Oh! deep-enchancing prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die:

Mysterious worlds, untravelled by the sun!
Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run,
From your unfathomed shades and viewless spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.

III.

'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and called upon his God, —
With mortal terrors, clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

IV.

Daughter of Faith! awake, arise, illumine
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb!
Melt, and dispel, ye spectre doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er, — the pangs of nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.

V.

Soul of the just! companion of the dead!
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;

Doomed on his airy path awhile to burn,
And doomed like thee, to travel, and return.
Hark! from the world's exploding centre driven,
With sounds that shook the firmament of heaven,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bickering wheels and adamantine car.

VI.

From planet whirled to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;
But, wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!
So hath the traveller of earth unfurled
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;
And, o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

1. THE awful night preceding the fierce joy of the amphitheatre rolled drearily away, and grayly broke forth the dawn of the last day of Pompeii! The air was uncommonly calm and sultry—a thin and dull mist gathered over the valleys and hollows of the broad Campanian fields. But yet it was remarked in surprise by the early fishermen, that, despite the exceeding stillness of the atmosphere, the waves of the sea were

agitated, and seemed, as it were, to run disturbedly back from the shore; while along the blue and stately Sarnus, whose ancient breadth of channel the traveller now vainly seeks to discover, there crept a hoarse and sullen murmur, as it glided by the laughing plains and the gaudy villas of the wealthy citizens.

2. Clear above the low mist rose the time-worn towers of the immemorial town, the red-tiled roofs of the bright streets, the solemn columns of many temples, and the statue-crowned portals of the Forum and the Arch of Triumph. Far in the distance, the outline of the circling hills soared above the vapors, and mingled with the changeful hues of the morning sky. The cloud that had so long rested over the crest of Vesuvius had suddenly vanished, and its rugged and haughty brow looked without a frown over the beautiful scenes below.

3. Suddenly the eyes of the crowd in the amphitheatre beheld, with ineffable dismay, a vast vapor shooting from its summit in the form of a gigantic pine-tree; the trunk, blackness, — the branches, fire — a fire that shifted and wavered in its hues with every moment, now fiercely luminous, now of a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable glare!

4. There was a dead, heart-sunken silence — through which there suddenly broke the roar of the lion, which was echoed back from within the building by the sharper and fiercer yells of its fellow-beast. Dread

seers were they of the Burden of the Atmosphere, and wild prophets of the wrath to come!

5. Then there arose on high the universal shrieks of women; the men stared at each other, but were dumb. At that moment they felt the earth shake beneath their feet; the walls of the theatre trembled; and, beyond in the distance, they heard the crash of falling roofs; an instant more and the mountain-cloud seemed to roll towards them, dark and rapid, like a torrent; at the same time, it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning stone! Over the crushing vines, — over the desolate streets, — over the amphitheatre itself, — far and wide, — with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea, fell that awful shower!

6. No longer thought the crowd of justice; safety for themselves was their sole thought. Each turned to fly — each dashing, pressing, crushing, against the other. Whither should they fly? Some, anticipating a second earthquake, hastened to their homes to load themselves with their most costly goods, and escape while it was yet time; others, dreading the showers of ashes that now fell fast, torrent upon torrent, over the streets, rushed under the roofs of the nearest houses, or temples, or sheds — shelter of any kind — for protection from the terrors of the open air. But darker, and larger, and mightier, spread the cloud above them. It was a sudden and more ghastly Night rushing upon the realm of Noon!

7. Amidst the other horrors, the mighty mountain now cast up columns of boiling water. Blent and kneaded with the half-burning ashes, the streams fell like seething mud over the streets in frequent intervals. And full, where the priests of Isis had now cowered around the altars, on which they had vainly sought to kindle fires and pour incense, one of the fiercest of those deadly torrents, mingled with immense fragments of scoria, had poured its rage. Over the bended forms of the priests it dashed: that cry had been of death—that silence had been of eternity! The ashes—the pitchy stream—sprinkled the altars, covered the pavement, and half concealed the quivering corpses of the priests!

8. Meanwhile, the streets were already thinned; the crowd had hastened to disperse itself under shelter; the ashes began to fill up the lower parts of the town; but, here and there, you heard the steps of fugitives cranching them warily, or saw their pale and haggard faces by the blue glare of the lightning, or the more unsteady glare of torches, by which they endeavored to steer their steps.

9. The air was now still for a few minutes: the lamp from the gate streamed out far and clear: the fugitives hurried on—they gained the gate—they passed by the Roman sentry; the lightning flashed over his livid face and polished helmet, but his stern features were composed even in their awe! He remained erect and motionless at his post. That hour itself had not ani-

mated the machine of the ruthless majesty of Rome into the reasoning and self-acting man. There he stood, amidst the crashing elements: he had not received the permission to desert his station and escape.

10. The cloud, which had scattered so deep a murkiness over the day, had now settled into a solid and impenetrable mass. It resembled less even the thickest gloom of a night in the open air than the close and blind darkness of some narrow room. But in proportion as the blackness gathered, did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare. Nor was their horrible beauty confined to the usual hues of fire; no rainbow ever rivalled their varying and prodigal dyes. Now brightly blue as the most azure depth of a southern sky — now of a livid and snake-like green, darting restlessly to and fro as the folds of an enormous serpent — now of a lurid and intolerable crimson, gushing forth through the columns of smoke, far and wide, and lighting up the whole city from arch to arch — then suddenly dying into a sickly paleness, like the ghost of their own life!

11. Sometimes the cloud appeared to break from its solid mass, and, by the lightning, to assume quaint and vast mimeries of human or of monster shapes, striding across the gloom, hurtling one upon the other, and vanishing swiftly into the turbulent abyss of shade; so that, to the eyes and fancies of the affrighted wanderers, the unsubstantial vapors were as the bodily forms of gigantic foes — the agents of terror and of death.

12. The ashes in many places were already knee-deep ; and the boiling showers which came from the steaming breath of the volcano forced their way into the houses, bearing with them a strong and suffocating vapor. In some places, immense fragments of rock, hurled upon the house roofs, bore down along the streets masses of confused ruin, which yet more and more, with every hour, obstructed the way ; and as the day advanced, the motion of the earth was more sensibly felt — the footing seemed to slide and creep — nor could chariot or litter be kept steady, even on the most level ground.

13. Sometimes the huger stones, striking against each other as they fell, broke into countless fragments, emitting sparks of fire, which caught whatever was combustible within their reach ; and along the plains beyond the city the darkness was now terribly relieved ; for several houses, and even vineyards, had been set on flames ; and at various intervals, the fires rose sullenly and fiercely against the solid gloom.

14. Frequently, by the momentary light of these torches, parties of fugitives encountered each other, some hurrying towards the sea, others flying from the sea back to the land ; for the ocean had retreated rapidly from the shore — an utter darkness lay over it, and, upon its groaning and tossing waves, the storm of cinders and rocks fell without the protection which the streets and roofs afforded to the land. The whole elements of civilization were broken up. Ever and anon, by the flickering lights, you saw the thief hasten-

ing by the most solemn authorities of the law, laden with, and fearfully chuckling over, the produce of his sudden gains. If, in the darkness, wife was separated from husband, or parent from child, vain was the hope of reunion. Each hurried blindly and confusedly on. Nothing in all the various and complicated machinery of social life was left save the primal law of self-preservation!

15. The groans of the dying were broken by wild shrieks of women's terror — now near, now distant — which, when heard in the utter darkness, were rendered doubly appalling by the crushing sense of helplessness and the uncertainty of the perils around; and clear and distinct through all were the mighty and various noises from the Fatal Mountain; its rushing winds; its whirling torrents; and, from time to time, the burst and roar of some more fiery and fierce explosion. And ever as the winds swept howling along the street, they bore sharp streams of burning dust, and such sickening and poisonous vapors, as took away, for the instant, breath and consciousness, followed by a rapid revulsion of the arrested blood, and a tingling sensation of agony trembling through every nerve and fibre of the frame.

16. Bright and gigantic through the darkness, which closed around it like the walls of hell, the mountain shone — a pile of fire! Its summit seemed riven in two; or rather, above its surface, there seemed to rise two monster shapes, each confronting each, as Demons contending for a World. These were of one deep

blood-red hue of fire, which lighted up the whole atmosphere far and wide.

17. Meanwhile the showers of dust and ashes, still borne aloft, fell into the wave, and scattered their snows over the deck. Far and wide, borne by the winds, those showers descended upon the remotest climes, startling even the swarthy African ; and whirled along the antique soil of Syria and of Egypt.

18. And meekly, softly, beautifully, dawned at last the light over the trembling deep!—the winds were sinking into rest—the foam died from the glowing azure of that delicious sea. Around the east, thin mists caught gradually the rosy hues that heralded the morning ; Light was about to resume her reign. Yet, still, dark and massive in the distance, lay the broken fragments of the destroying cloud, from which red streaks, burning dimlier and more dim, betrayed the yet rolling fires of the mountain of the “Scorched Fields.” The white walls and gleaming columns that had adorned the lovely coasts were no more. Sullen and dull were the shores so lately crested by the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The darlings of the Deep were snatched from her embrace ! Century after century shall the mighty Mother stretch forth her azure arms, and know them not—moaning round the sepulchres of the Lost !

BULWER LYTTON.

SUMMER MORNING.

I.

MORNING again breaks through the gates of heaven,
And shakes her jewelled kirtle on the sky,
Heavy with rosy gold. Aside are driven
The vassal clouds, which bow as she draws nigh,
And catch her scattered gems of orient dye,
The pearlèd ruby which her pathway strews ;
Argent and amber, now thrown useless by :
The uncolored clouds wear what she doth refuse,
For only once does Morn her sun-dyed garments use.

II.

From Nature's old cathedral sweetly ring
The wild-bird choirs — burst of the woodland band,
Green-hooded nuns, who 'mid the blossoms sing ;
Their leafy temple, gloomy, tall, and grand,
Pillared with oaks, and roofed with Heaven's own hand.
Hark ! how the anthem rolls through arches dun : —
“ Morning again is come to light the land ;
The great world's Comforter, the mighty Sun,
Has yoked his golden steeds, the glorious race to run.”

III.

Those dusky foragers, the noisy rooks,
Have from their green high city-gates rushed out,
To rummage furrowy fields and flowery nooks ;
On yonder branch now stands their glossy scout.

As yet no busy insects buzz about,
No fairy thunder o'er the air is rolled :

The drooping buds their crimson lips still pout,
Those stars of earth, the daisies white, unfold,
And soon the buttercups will give back "gold for gold."

IV.

Hark ! hark ! the lark sings 'mid the silvery blue ;

Behold her flight, proud man ! and lowly bow.

She seems the first that does for pardon sue,

As though the guilty stain which lurks below

Had touched the flowers that droop about her brow,

When she all night slept by the daisies' side ;

And now she soars where purity doth flow,

Where new-born light is with no sin allied,

And pointing with her wings heavenward our thoughts
would guide.

V.

On the far sky leans the old ruined mill.

Through its rent sails the broken sunbeams glow,

Gilding the trees that belt the lower hill,

And the old thorns which on its summit grow.

Only the reedy marsh that sleeps below,

With its dwarf bushes, is concealed from view ;

And now a struggling thorn its head doth show,

Another half shakes off the smoky blue,

Just where the dusty gold streams through the heavy dew.

VI.

And there the hidden river lingering dreams,—
You scarce can see the banks which round it lie;
That withered trunk, a tree, or shepherd seems,
Just as the light or fancy strikes the eye.
Even the very sheep, which graze hard by,
So blend their fleeces with the misty haze,
They look like clouds shook from the unsunned sky,
Ere morning o'er the eastern hills did blaze : —
The vision fades as they move on to graze.

VII.

A chequered light streams in between the leaves,
Which on the greensward twinkle in the sun;
The deep-voiced thrush his speckled bosom heaves,
And like a silver stream his song doth run
Down the low vale, edg'd with fir-trees dun.
A little bird now hops beside the brook,
“ Peaking ” about like an affrighted nun :
And ever as she drinks doth upward look,
Titters and drinks again, then seeks her cloistered nook.

VIII.

What varied colors o'er the landscape play!
The very clouds seem at their ease to lean,
And the whole earth to keep glad holiday.
The lowliest bush that by the waste is seen
Hath changed its dusky for a golden green,

In honor of this lovely summer morn ;
The rutted roads did never seem so clean ;
There is no dust upon the wayside thorn,
For every bud looks out as if but newly born.

IX.

A cottage girl trips by with side-long look,
Steadying the little basket on her head ;
And where a plank bridges the narrow brook
She stops to see her fair form shadowed.
The stream reflects her cloak of russet red ;
Below she sees the trees and deep-blue sky,
The flowers which downward look in that clear bed,
The very birds which o'er its brightness fly : —
She parts her loose-blown hair, then wondering passes by.

X.

How sweet those rural sounds float by the hill !
The grasshopper's shrill chirp rings o'er the ground,
The jingling sheep-bells are but seldom still,
The clapping gate closes with hollow bound,
There's music in the church-clock's measured sound.
The ring-dove's song, how breeze-like comes and goes !
Now here, now there, it seems to wander round :
The red cow's voice along the upland flows ;
His bass the brindled bull from the far meadow lows.

XI.

Where soars that spire, our rude forefathers prayed :

Thither they came, from many a thick-leaved dell
Year after year, and o'er those footpaths strayed

When summoned by the sounding Sabbath-bell,—

For in those walls they deemed that God did dwell.
And still they sleep within that bell's deep sound.

Yon spire doth here of no distinction tell :
O'er rich and poor, marble and earthly mound,
The monument of all,— it marks one common ground.

XII.

See yonder smoke, before it curls to heaven,

Mingles its blue amid the elm-trees tall ;

Shrinking like one who fears to be forgiven,

So on the earth again doth prostrate fall,

And 'mid the bending green each sin recall.

Now from their beds the cottage-children rise,

Roused by some early playmate's noisy bawl ;

And, on the door-step standing, rub their eyes,

Stretching their little arms, and gaping at the skies.

XIII.

All things, save man, this summer morn rejoice :

Sweet smiles the sky, so fair a world to view ;

Unto the earth below the flowers give voice ;

Even the wayside weed of homeliest hue

Looks up erect amid the golden blue,

And thus it speaketh to the thinking mind: —

“O'erlook me not! I for a purpose grew,
Though long mayest thou that purpose try to find.
On us one sunshine falls! God only is not blind!”

XIV.

Here might a sinner humbly kneel and pray,

With this bright sky, this lovely scene in view,
And worship Him who guardeth us alway! —

Who hung these lands with green, this sky with blue,
Who spake, and from these plains huge cities grew;
Who made thee, O my Country! what thou art,

And asks but gratitude for all His due.
The Giver, God! claims but the beggar's part,
And only doth require “a humble, contrite heart.”

THOMAS MILLER.

KEY TO CHAPTER THIRD.

SYMPATHY.

SYMPATHY in the orator is that power by which he establishes a common interest in the purpose of the discourse between the audience and himself.

He must produce the feeling in the audience that the cause he advocates is their cause.

He must seem to speak for his audience and not as if he were opposing them.

The very root of persuasiveness is in that which appeals directly to the state of mind in which the person to be persuaded is found. All attempts at persuasion should rest upon some common ground of agreement between the mind of the orator and the audience. The only way by which a person can be persuaded to change his course is by showing him that his present desire will be gratified by his doing so.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher used this principle to great advantage in his speeches in England during the late Civil War when he wished to persuade the people of England to sympathize with the people of the North. In his speeches in Liverpool, and other cities of Great

Britain, where he met and conquered the most determined mobs that were ever controlled by the eloquence of man, Mr. Beecher first appealed to and sympathized with their local interests. He then led them to see that their interests were one with the North. First he spoke feelingly right to their present state of mind, and then led them on to facts and questions which involved considerations of lofty and universal principles. Thus, through easy gradations, this master of persuasiveness developed in them great enthusiasm for the cause Mr. Beecher had at heart.

Paul used the same law of oratory when on Mars' hill he preached the "Unknown God." He appealed to that in his hearers which he found active at the time. He sympathized with their spirit of worshipfulness and then led them to the worship of Christ through giving them a knowledge of whom the Unknown God was.

A mass of men could not be found acting in so wrong a direction that a wise and penetrating mind like Beecher's or Paul's could not discover some element in their wrong-doing that was not wrong in itself with which it could sympathize, and thereby gain their attention, interest and adherence.

Some have taught that the true method of teaching is to present the next step beyond the one occupied by the pupil. This is a mistake. The first thing to do is to find the truth which the pupil already possesses and then dwell upon and expand the knowl-

edge of it until that truth carries him into the next step toward the ultimate end in view; then repeat the same process in relation to the added truth, and so on, always growing what is, until it includes more. This principle applied by the orator to the feelings of the audience is *sympathy in oratory*.

This explanation throws light upon the meaning of what Paul wrote to the Corinthians: "Unto the Jews I became as a Jew, that I might gain the Jews; to them that are under the law, as unto the law, that I might gain them that are under the law; to them that are without law, as without law, that I might gain them that are without law. To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak: I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some."

It is not a pretending to sympathize with others that is meant, but a real sympathy. Any pretense whatsoever in the orator is weakness, and never to be permitted under any circumstances.

The principle that is to be obeyed in the composition of an argument must be obeyed in its presentation. I have taken much space for the explanation of this principle of persuasiveness for two reasons: because it is such a great power in oratory, and because it is generally so little understood.

CHAPTER III.

SYMPATHY.

For though I be free from all men, yet have I made myself servant unto all, that I might gain the more. To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak: I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some. — I CORINTHIANS.

SPEAK NOT TO HIM A BITTER WORD.

I.

WOULDST thou a wanderer reclaim,
A wild and restless spirit tame,—
Check the warm flow of youthful blood,
And lead a lost one back to God?
Pause, if thy spirit's wrath be stirred,
Speak not to him a bitter word,—
Speak not,—that bitter word may be
The stamp that seals his destiny.

II.

If widely he has gone astray,
And dark excess has marked his way,
'Tis pitiful, but yet beware,—
Reform must come from kindly care.

Forbid thy parting lips to move
But in the gentle tones of love.
Though sadly his young heart hath erred
Speak not to him a bitter word.

III.

The lowering frown he will not bear ;
The venom'd chiding, will not hear ;
The ardent spirit will not brook
The stinging tooth of sharp rebuke ;
Thou wouldst not goad the restless steed,
To calm his fire or check his speed,
Then let no angry tones be heard,—
Speak not to him a bitter word.

IV.

Go kindly to him, make him feel
Your heart yearns deeply for his weal ;
Tell him the perils of the way
Wherein his devious footsteps stray,
So shalt thou win him,— call him back,
From pleasure's smooth, seductive track ;
And warnings thou hast mildly given,
May guide the wanderer to Heaven.

V.

No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears,
No gem that sparkling hangs from beauty's ears,
Not the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising sun that gilds the vernal morn,
Shine with such luster, as the tear that breaks
For others' woe, down Virtue's lovely cheeks.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT.

1. ON this subject of national power, what can be more important than a perfect unity in every part, in feelings and sentiments? And what can tend more powerfully to produce it than overcoming the effects of distance? No country enjoying freedom, ever occupied anything like as great an extent of country as this republic. One hundred years ago, the most profound philosophers did not believe it to be even possible. They did not suppose it possible that a pure republic could exist on as great a scale even as the island of Great Britain.

2. What then was considered as chimerical, we have now the felicity to enjoy; and what is most remarkable, such is the happy mould of our government, so well are the State and general powers blended, that much of our political happiness draws its origin from the extent of our republic. It has exempted us from most of the causes which distracted the small republics of antiquity. Let it not, however, be forgotten, let it be forever kept in mind, that it exposes us to the greatest of all calamities,—next to the loss of liberty, and even to that in its consequences,—disunion.

3. We are great, and rapidly — I was about to say fearfully — growing. This is our pride and our danger, our weakness and our strength. Little does he deserve to be intrusted with the liberties of this people, who

does not raise his mind to these truths. We are under the most imperious obligations to counteract every tendency to disunion. The strongest of all cement is, undoubtedly, the wisdom, justice, and, above all, the moderation of this House; yet the great subject on which we are now deliberating, in this respect, deserves the most serious consideration.

4. Whatever impedes the intercourse of the extremes with this, the centre of the republic, weakens the union. The more enlarged the sphere of commercial circulation, the more extended that of social intercourse; the more strongly we are bound together, the more inseparable are our destinies. Those who understand the human heart best, know how powerfully distance tends to break the sympathies of our nature. Nothing, not even dissimilarity of language, tends more to estrange man from man. Let us, then, bind the republic together, with a perfect system of roads and canals. Let us conquer space. It is thus the most distant part of the republic will be brought within a few days' travel of the centre; it is thus that a citizen of the West will read the news of Boston still moist from the press.

J. C. CALHOUN.

OTHELLO'S DEFENCE.

I.

MOST potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true ; true, I have married her ;
The very head and front of my offending,
Hath this extent, no more.

II.

Rude am I in speech

And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace ;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field ;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil or battle ;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic
(For such proceedings I'm charged withal),
I won his daughter with.

III.

Her father loved me ; oft invited me ;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes
That I have pass'd.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's history.

IV.

These things to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse; which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not attentively.

V.

I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs;
She swore—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful;
She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished
That Heaven had made her such a man.

VI.

She thank'd me ;
And bade me if I had a friend that loved her,
I should teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. On this hint, I spake ;
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd ;
And I loved her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.

SHAKESPEARE.

IMPROMPTU SPEECH IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

1. I TAKE great pleasure, Sir, in marking the wise choice that the sons of New England around me have made, in coming to this State. I trust they were not very badly off at home ; but they appear to be exceedingly comfortable here. Since "the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar" did not "bind them to their native mountains more," they have not only acted wisely in coming hither, but, if they must make a change, I really think they could not have made a better.

2. Where on this continent is there a higher freedom of social enjoyment, or a more ready extension of the relations of private friendship and the courtesies of refined society, than in this city and State? Nor can I forbear a tribute to the intelligence, enterprise, and

hospitality of the citizens of Charleston, where the exiled and the oppressed of the earth, and the victims of religious persecution, the Huguenot as well as the Puritan, have ever found a sanctuary and a home; whither, as the name of this hall instructs us, the enterprising North-British merchant resorts in the prosecution of business, and for convivial enjoyment; and where that other people, the hapless sons of Ireland, in our day the subjects of so much suffering, and to whose relief the whole of our land, both North and South, are now hastening with one heart and one purse, have also gathered as the home of the oppressed.

3. My friend has been pleased, in speaking of my public services, to refer to my influence over recent negotiations, connected with the preservation of the peace of the earth. Our true national policy is a policy of peace. I have not felt, for many years, that it is at all necessary for us to make farther displays of prowess in arms in order to secure us an enduring national renown. There is no danger that we shall be underrated in the scale of nations, by any defect in this particular. With these views, I have in my public course directed my best efforts to promote the peace of the world, deeming that policy best for the honor and prosperity of our land, and in closest conformity to the benign precepts of Christianity and the humane spirit of modern civilization.

4. In reference to this policy I can bear testimony to the able and honorable bearing of the distinguished

sons of South Carolina in the councils of the nation. On all the great questions of peace and war, and other questions of national interest that have been discussed in the halls of legislation, they have been arrayed on the side of the country, and a large debt of gratitude is their due.

5. It is natural on an occasion like this to reflect on the advantages to be derived from free intercourse between the inhabitants of the various sections of the Union, and on the importance of personal communication, to enable us to see and know more of one another, convinced as I am, that, the more we see and know of each other, the higher will be our mutual appreciation, the greater will be our deference for each other's judgments and opinions, and that, by cultivating reciprocal feelings of kindness and courtesy, the stronger will be our ties of fraternal peace and concord, the stronger the great bond of union which holds us together as *United States*. These considerations are especially applicable in this era of development so favorable to transportation and conveyance, in which distance is so much less measured than formerly by space and time.

6. Nobody, Sir, will expect a set speech from me at this social board. I have had enough of such speeches elsewhere. I feel that it would be entirely out of keeping with the unceremonious character of the occasion to inflict on the company a formal address. Enough has been already said by me; and it only remains for me to tender my most earnest and cordial

good wishes for the happiness and prosperity of the citizens of Charleston and the people of South Carolina.

Mr. Webster concluded with the following toast :

The people of South Carolina: Distinguished for their hospitality and high social virtues,—as much so, as for the great names which, at all times, they have given to the public service of the country.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE WELCOMING OF AGAMEMNON.

I.

CLYTEMNESTRA.—Friends, fellow-citizens, whose counsels guide

The State of Argos, in your reverend presence

A wife's fond love I blush not to disclose :

Thus habit softens dread. From my full heart

Will I recount my melancholy life

Through the long stay of my loved lord at Troy :

For a weak woman, in her husband's absence,

Pensive to sit and lonely in her house,

'Tis dismal, list'ning to each frightful tale :

First one alarms her, then another comes

Charged with worse tidings. Had my poor lord here

Suffered as many wounds as common fame

Reported, like a net, he had been pierced :

II.

Such reports oppressed me,
Till life became distasteful, and my hands
Were prompted oft to deeds of desperation.
Nor is thy son Orestes, the dear tie
That binds us each to th' other, present here
To aid me, as he ought: nay, marvel not,
The friendly Strophius with a right strong arm
Protects him in Phocæa, whilst his care
Saw danger threat me in a double form,
The loss of thee at Troy, the anarchy
That might ensue, should madness drive the people
To deeds of violence, as men are prompt
Insultingly to trample on the fall'n:

III.

Such care dwells not with fraud. At thy return
The gushing fountains of my tears are dried,
Save that my eyes are weak with midnight watchings,
Straining, through tears, if haply they might see
Thy signal fires, that claimed my fixed attention.
If they were closed in sleep, a silly fly
Would, with its slightest murmurings, make me start,
And wake me to more fears.

IV.

For thy dear sake
All this I suffered: but my jocund heart
Forgets it all, whilst I behold my lord,
My guardian, the strong anchor of my hope,
The stately column that supports my house,

Dear as an only child to a fond parent;
Welcome as land, which the tossed mariner
Beyond his hope deseries; welcome as day
After a night of storms with fairer beams
Returning; welcome as the liquid lapse
Of fountain to the thirsty traveller:
So pleasant is it to escape the chain
Of hard constraint.

v.

Such greeting I esteem
Due to thy honor: let it not offend,
For I have suffered much. But, my loved lord,
Leave now that car; nor on the bare ground set
That royal foot, beneath whose mighty tread
Troy trembled. Haste, ye virgins, to whose care
This pleasing office is intrusted, spread
The streets with tapestry; let the ground be covered
With richest purple, leading to the palace;
That honor with just state may grace his entry,
Though unexpected. My attentive care
Shall, if the gods permit, dispose the rest
To welcome his high glories, as I ought.

vi.

Agamemnon.—Daughter of Leda, guardian of my house,
Thy words are correspondent to my absence,
Of no small length. With better grace my praise
Would come from others: sooth me not with strains
Of adulation, as a girl; nor raise,

As to some proud barbaric king, that loves
Loud acclamations echoed from the mouths
Of prostrate worshippers, a clamorous welcome :
Nor spread the streets with tapestry ; 'tis invidious ;
These are the honors we should pay the gods.

VII.

For mortal man to tread on ornaments
Of rich embroidery—No : I dare not do it :
Respect me as a man, not as a god.
Why should my foot pollute these vests, that glow
With various tinctured radiance ? My full fame
Swells high without it ; and the temperate rule
Of cool discretion is the choicest gift
Of favoring heaven. Happy the man, whose life
Is spent in friendship's calm security.
These sober joys be mine, I ask no more.

VIII.

Cly. — Do not thou thwart the purpose of my mind.
Aga. — My mind, be well assured, shall not be tainted.
Cly. — Hast thou in fear made to the gods this vow ?
Aga. — Free, from my soul in prudence have I said it.
Cly. — Had Priam's arms prevailed, how had he acted ?
Aga. — On rich embroidery had he proudly trod.
Cly. — Then dread not thou th' invidious tongues of men.
Aga. — Yet has the popular voice much potency.
Cly. — But the unenvied is not of the happy.
Aga. — Ill suits it thy soft sex to love contention.
Cly. — To yield sometimes adds honor to the nighty.
Aga. — Art thou so earnest to obtain thy wish ?
Cly. — Let me prevail : indulge me with this conquest.

IX.

Aga.—If such thy will, haste some one, from my feet
Unloose these high-bound buskins, lest some god
Look down indignant, if with them I press
These vests sea-tinctured: shame it were to spoil
With unclean tread their rich and costly texture.
Well, since I yield me vanquished by thy voice,
I go, treading on purple, to my house.

X.

Cly.—Does not the sea, and who shall drain it, yield
Unfailing stores of these rich tints, that glow
With purple radiance? These this lordly house
Commands, blest with abundance, but to want
A stranger. I had vowed his foot should tread
On many a vestment, when the victims bled,
The hallowed pledge which this fond breast devised
For his return.

XI.

For whilst the vig'rous root
Maintains its grasp, the stately head shall rise,
And with its waving foliage screen the house
From the fierce dog-star's fiery pestilence.
And on thy presence at thy household hearth,
Ev'n the cold winter feels a genial warmth.
But when the hot sun in the unripe grape
Matures the wine, the husband's perfect virtues
Spread a refreshing coolness. Thou, O Jove,
Source of perfection, perfect all my vows,
And with thy influence favor my intents!

ÆSCHYLUS.

AMY ROBSART'S APPEAL TO LEICESTER.

1. THE Countess Amy, with her hair and her garments disheveled, was seated upon a sort of couch, in an attitude of the deepest affliction, out of which she was startled by the opening of the door. She turned hastily round, and fixing her eye on Varney, exclaimed, "Wretch! art thou come to frame some new plan of villainy?"

2. Leicester cut short her reproaches by stepping forward and dropping his cloak, while he said, in a voice rather of authority than of affection, "It is with me, madame, you have to commune, not with Sir Richard Varney."

3. The change effected on the countess's look and manner was like magic. "Dudley!" she exclaimed, "Dudley! and art thou come at last?" And with the speed of lightning she flew to her husband, clung around his neck, and unheeding the presence of Varney, overwhelmed him with caresses, while she bathed his face in a flood of tears; muttering at the same time, but in broken and disjointed monosyllables, the fondest expressions which Love teaches his votaries.

4. Leicester, as it seemed to him, had reason to be angry with his lady, for transgressing his commands, and thus placing him in the perilous situation in which he had that morning stood. But what displeasure could keep its ground before these testimonies of affection

from a being so lovely, that even the negligence of dress, and the withering effects of fear, grief and fatigue, which would have impaired the beauty of others, rendered hers but the more interesting! He received and repaid her caresses with fondness mingled with melancholy, the last of which she seemed scarcely to observe, until the first transport of her own joy was over; when, looking anxiously in his face, she asked if he was ill.

5. "Not in my body, Amy," was his answer.

"Then I will be well too. Oh, Dudley! I have been ill — very ill. I have been in sickness, in grief, and in danger. But thou art come, and all is joy, and health, and safety!"

"Alas! Amy," said Leicester, "thou hast undone me!"

"I, my lord?" said Amy, her cheek at once losing its transient flush of joy; "how could I injure that which I love better than myself?"

6. "I would not upbraid you, Amy," replied the earl; "but are you not here contrary to my express commands — and does not your presence here endanger both yourself and me?"

"Does it, does it indeed?" she exclaimed, eagerly; "then why am I here a moment longer? Oh, if you knew by what fears I was urged to quit Cumnor Place! — but I will say nothing of myself — only that if it might be otherwise, I would not willingly return thither; yet if it concern your safety" —

7. "We will think, Amy, of some other retreat," said Leicester; "and you shall go to one of my northern castles under the personage — it will be but needful, I trust, for a very few days — of Varney's wife."

"How, my Lord of Leicester!" said the lady disengaging herself from his embraces; "is it to your wife you give the dishonorable counsel to acknowledge herself the bride of another — and of all men, the bride of that Varney?"

8. "Madame, I speak in earnest. Varney is my true and faithful servant, trusted in my deepest secrets. I had better lose my right hand than his service at this moment. You have no cause to scorn him as you do."

"I could assign one, my lord," replied the countess; "and I see he shakes even under that assured look of his. But he that is necessary as your right hand to your safety, is free from any accusation of mine. May he be true to you; and that he may be true, trust him not too much or too far. But it is enough to say that I will not go with him unless by violence, nor would I acknowledge him as my husband, were all" —

9. "It is a temporary deception, madame," said Leicester, irritated by her opposition, "necessary for both our safeties, endangered by you through female caprice, or the premature desire to seize on a rank to which I gave you title, only under condition that our marriage, for a time, should continue secret. If my proposal disgust you, it is yourself has brought it on both of us. There is no other remedy — you must do what your own

impatient folly hath rendered necessary — I command you.”

10. “I cannot put your commands, my lord,” said Amy, “in balance with those of honor and conscience. I will not in this instance obey you. You may achieve your own dishonor, to which these crooked policies naturally tend, but I will do naught that can blemish mine. How could you again, my lord, acknowledge me as a pure and chaste matron, worthy to share your fortunes, when holding that high character, I had strolled the country the acknowledged wife of such a profligate fellow as your servant Varney?”

11. It was then that the Countess Amy displayed, in the midst of distress and difficulty, the natural energy of character which would have rendered her, had fate allowed, a distinguished ornament of the rank which she held. She walked up to Leicester with a composed step, a dignified air, and looks in which strong affection essayed in vain to shake the firmness of conscious truth and rectitude of principle. “You have spoke your mind, my lord,” she said, “in these difficulties, with which, unhappily, I have found myself unable to comply. Will your lordship be pleased to hear what a young and timid woman, but your most affectionate wife, can suggest in the present extremity?”

12. Leicester was silent, but bent his head toward the countess as an intimation that she was at liberty to proceed.

“There hath been but one cause for all these evils,

my lord," she proceeded, "and it resolves itself into the mysterious duplicity with which you have been induced to surround yourself. Extricate yourself at once, my lord, from the tyranny of these disgraceful trammels. Be like a true English gentleman, knight, and earl, who holds that truth is the foundation of honor, and that honor is dear to him as the breath of his nostrils. Take your ill-fated wife by the hand, lead her to the foot-stool of Elizabeth's throne. Say, that in a moment of infatuation, moved by supposed beauty, of which none perhaps can now trace even the remains, I gave my hand to this Amy Robsart. You will then have done justice to me, my lord, and to your own honor; and should law or power require you to part from me, I will make no objection — since I may then with honor hide a grieved and broken heart in those shades from which your love withdrew me. Then — have but a little patience, and Amy's life will not long darken your brighter prospects."

13. There was so much of dignity, so much of tenderness, in the countess's remonstrance, that it moved all that was noble and generous in the soul of her husband. The scales seemed to fall from his eyes, and the duplicity and tergiversation of which he had been guilty stung him at once with remorse and shame.

14. "I am not worthy of you, Amy," he said, "that could weigh aught which ambition has to give against such a heart as thine. I have a bitter penance to perform, in disentangling, before sneering foes and

astounded friends, all the meshes of my own deceitful policy. And the queen — but let her take my head, as she has threatened.”

15. “Your head, my lord!” said the countess, “because you used the freedom and liberty of an English subject in choosing a wife? For shame; it is this distrust of the queen’s justice, this apprehension of danger, which cannot but be imaginary, that, like scarecrows, have induced you to forsake the straightforward path, which as it is the best is also the safest.”

16. “Ah, Amy, thou little knowest!” said Dudley; but, instantly checking himself, he added, “yet she shall not find in me a safe or easy victim of arbitrary vengeance. I have friends. I have allies. I will not, like Norfolk, be dragged to the block as a victim to sacrifice. Fear not, Amy; thou shalt see Dudley bear himself worthy of his name. I must instantly communicate with some of those friends on whom I can best rely; for, as things stand, I may be made prisoner in my own castle.”

17. “Oh, my good lord,” said Amy, “make no faction in a peaceful state! There is no friend can help us so well as our own candid truth and honor. Bring but these to our assistance, and you are safe amid a whole army of the envious and malignant. Leave these behind you, and all other defence will be fruitless. Truth, my noble lord, is well painted unarmed.”

18. “But Wisdom, Amy,” answered Leicester, “is arrayed in panoply of proof. Argue not with me on

the means I shall use to render my confession — since it must be called so — as safe as may be ; it will be fraught with enough of danger, do what we will. Varney, we must hence. Farewell, Amy, whom I am to vindicate as mine own, at an expense and risk of which thou alone couldst be worthy ! ”

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

KEY TO CHAPTER FOURTH.

POSITIVENESS.

POSITIVENESS naturally follows *persuasiveness* in the logical order of the powers of art; for while *Persuasiveness* comes from the power of the artist to touch a common chord in the hearts of those his art comes in contact with, *positiveness* is the power to carry that feeling much farther than it would go if left alone. Positiveness is manifested in the form of aggressiveness.

The orator never leaves his hearers in the same relation to his subject as that in which he found them. He leaves them with a wider knowledge, deeper feeling, and a more concentrated purpose concerning it. The true orator leaves a lasting impression of his subject upon his audience.

Unless the speaker succeeds in doing this he is not an orator.

Positiveness in the speaker is shown by a clearly defined individuality and purpose in his manner of expression.

CHAPTER IV.

POSITIVENESS.

Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord — I. CORINTHIANS.

Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and shew my people their transgression. — ISAIAH.

MACER PREACHING ON THE STEPS OF THE CAPITOL AT ROME.

1. THE crowd was restless and noisy, heaving to and fro, like the fiery mass of a boiling crater. A thousand exclamations and imprecations filled the air. I thought it doubtful, whether the rage which seemed to fill a great proportion of those around me, would so much as permit him to open his mouth. It seemed rather, as if he would at once be dragged from where he stood, to the prefect's tribunal, or hurled from the steps and sacrificed at once to the fury of the populace.

2. Upon the column on his right hand, hung, emblaz-

oned with gold, and beautiful with all the art of the chirographer, the edict of Aurelian. It was upon parchment, within a brazen frame. Soon as quiet was restored, so that any single voice could be heard, he began.

3. "Romans ! the emperor, in his edict, tells me not to preach to you. Not to preach Christ in Rome, neither within a church, nor in the streets. Shall I obey him ? When Christ says, 'Go forth, and preach the gospel to every creature,' shall I give ear to a Roman emperor, who bids me hold my peace ? Not so, not so, Romans. I love God too well and Christ too well, and you too well, to heed such bidding.

4. "I love Aurelian, too ; I have served long under him ; and he was ever good to me. He was a good, as well as a great general ; and I loved him. I love him now, but not so well as these ; not so well as you. And if I obey this edict, it would show that I loved him better than you, and better than these, which would be false.

5. "If I obeyed this edict, I should never speak to you again of this new religion, as you call it. I should leave you all to perish in your sins without any of that knowledge, or faith, or hope in Christ, which would save you from them, and form you after the image of God, and after death carry you up to dwell with him, and with just men, forever and ever. I should then, indeed, show that I hated you, which I can never do.

6. "I love you, and Rome, I cannot tell how much,—as much as a child ever loved a mother, or children one another. And therefore, it is, that no power on earth,—nor above it, nor under it,—save that of God, shall hinder me from declaring to you the doctrine which I think you need, nay, without which, you never can be happy. For, what can your gods do for you? What are they doing? They lift you not up to themselves,—they push you down, rather, to hell. They cannot save you from those raging fires of sorrow and remorse, which, here on earth, do constitute a hell hot as any that burns below.

7. "I have told you before, and I tell you now, your vices are undermining the foundations of this great empire. There is no power to cure these, but in 'Jesus Christ.' And, when I know this, shall I cease to preach Christ to you, because a man, a man like myself, forbids me?

8. "Would you not still prepare for a friend, or a child, the medicine that would save his life, though you were charged by another ever so imperiously to forbear? The gospel is the divine medicament that is to heal all your sicknesses, cure all your diseases, remove all your miseries, cleanse all your pollutions, correct all your errors, and confirm within you all necessary truth.

9. "And when it is this healing draught for which your souls cry aloud, for which they thirst even unto death, shall I, the messenger of God, sent in the name

of his Son, to bear to your lips the cup, of which, if you once drink, you shall live forever, withhold from you that cup, or dash it to the ground?

10. "Shall I, a mediator between God and man, falter in my speech, and my tongue hang palsied in my mouth because Aurelian speaks? What to me, O Romans, is the edict of a Roman emperor? Down, down, accursed scrawl! nor insult longer both God and man."

And saying that, he reached forth his hand, and, seizing the parchment, wrenched it from its brazen frame, and, rending it to shreds, strewed them abroad upon the air.

WILLIAM WARE.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

I.

WHAT constitutes a state?

Not high-raised battlements or labored mound,
 Thick wall or moated gate;
 Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
 Not bays and broad-arm ports,
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;

II.

Not starred and spangled courts,
 Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
 No! *Men* — high-minded *men* —

With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude ;

III.

Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain.
These constitute a state ;
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.

IV.

Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend discretion like a vapor sinks ;
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such was this heaven-loved isle ;
Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore !

V.

No more shall Freedom smile ?
Shall Britons languish and be men no more ?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
'T is folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

ARIUS' ADDRESS TO THE COUNCIL OF NICEA.

1. CONSTANTINE professed to believe that this last creed was delivered by an inspiration of the bishops directly given from heaven; and he at once issued a decree of banishment against all who might refuse to subscribe to it. "He denounced Arius and his disciples as impious, and ordered that he and his books should follow the fate of the pagan Porphyry; and that he and his school should be called Porphyrians, and his books burned under penalty of death to any one who perused them."

2. But he gave them time to reflect upon the matter; and on the next day many stood resolved not to sign, notwithstanding the terrible threats of the emperor. In this state of fear and perplexity, when no man knew to what extent his brutal threats to extort their compliance might be carried, and when a moody silence, born of their terror and distress, had settled upon the council, to the surprise of all, Arius the Libyan arose and addressed them as follows:

3. "Brethren, I am well persuaded that no other opportunity will ever be given unto me to address any assembly of Christians; being persuaded that the condemnation denounced against me ariseth not from any mistaken zeal on the part of the unbaptized emperor concerning religion, but only from a political necessity

that springeth from his godless and insatiable thirst for universal and unhindered power; for verily I think he knoweth little, and careth less, for any confession of faith, except as it affecteth his imperial ambition.

4. "As a man, therefore, already doomed, and soon, perhaps, to die, I desire to stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance concerning the primitive Church, which now fadeth out of the world, as it hath already faded out of the Western Empire. Brethren, centuries ago, the great Greek philosopher, Plato, in his 'Republic,' did declare that 'any ordinary city is in fact two cities, one the city of the rich, the other that of the poor, at war with one another'; and this statement is verily true everywhere on earth. For the religion of mankind hath been, in some shape, the worship of mammon, and the warfare of which Plato speaketh, a warfare for property — for property in offices, prerogatives, lands, houses, wealth, slaves, and every shape that property can take.

5. "Ye know that the law was a schoolmaster to lead us to Christ; and that, to prevent the universal and hopeless oppression of the poor, God by Moses did ordain the statute of the year of jubilee, and the statute of the seventh year; and ye know that the prophet Isaiah did make these statutes, which secured a certain blessing for the poor every 'seventh year' and every 'fiftieth year,' typical of the continuous state of believers, in the kingdom of heaven, declaring it to be the gospel preached to the poor; and ye know

that our Lord did solemnly declare that this prophecy was fulfilled in him, wherefore the wealthy and aristocratic Scribes and Pharisees, who were 'covetous,' persecuted him even unto death; even as the ruling classes at Rome, and throughout the world, have done until the triumph of Constantine over Maxentius at the Milvian Bridge.

6. "Ye know that our Lord set up a kingdom that was good news, a gospel, to the poor of the earth, because its purpose and effect were to abolish war, slavery, polygamy, and all unjust distinctions between men and classes of men, based upon the idolatry of mammon. Ye know that all of these parables were spoken with reference to this kingdom in which communion of saints, partnership of all believers, should secure liberty, equality, fraternity, for all Christians.

7. "Ye know that, while the apostles remained on earth, the believers had all things common, except wives and children, disowned all government except that of Jesus, obeyed all laws for the sake of peace except such as conflicted with conscience, and so builded up the Christian communes that governed themselves by the laws of Christ alone, inflicting no temporal punishment except that they refused to fellowship the obdurately wicked.

8. "Ye know that they commonly wrought miracles to prove the divinity of Jesus and the right of the Church to preach and teach in his name. We learn from Philo the Egyptian, and from many others, that

‘those who entered upon the Christian life divested themselves of their property, and gave it to those legally entitled thereto or to the common Church,’ and that ‘the disciples of that time, animated by more ardent love of the divine word, first fulfilled the Saviour’s precept by distributing their substance to the needy ; and that the Holy Spirit wrought many wonders through them, so that, as soon as the gospel was heard, men voluntarily and in crowds eagerly embraced the true faith.’

9. “Ye know that three bishops were ordained by the apostles, even Lucius, Evodius, and Polycarp, all of whom consecrated their property to the common Church, as did countless well-known and notable Christians ; and ye know that such were the law and the practice of the Church until very recent times ! Ye know that thaumaturgy remained with the Church until this divine ordinance was neglected.

10. “Ye know, brethren, that there were no slaves, no war, no rich, no poor, no kings, no rulers, in the kingdom of our Lord, but liberty, fraternity, equality for all ; and that war, slavery, mammon-worship, which had ever been the curse of human life, were abolished by the gospel of Christ.

11. “Brethren, already in the Western Empire (and from this day in the East) all this is changed. ‘The kingdom of heaven’ is utterly subverted. Even the bishops came hither with slaves ; many of you are ‘rich men,’ that could not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

The Church conformeth in all things to the imperial laws : for that man Constantine hath such unbounded ambition and unbelief that he suffereth not the Church of Christ to exist in the world, and hath so founded the Church of Constantine, subverting all of Christianity except its spiritual truth.

12. "But ye can plainly see what things shall come to pass. That man whom ye love because it hath suited the purposes of his atheistic ambition to protect the Church against other tyrants, hath established an imperial legal religion for the world, and declares that he will persecute all who conform not thereto. So did the Scribes and Pharisees ; so did Tiberius Cæsar, Nero, Diocletian, and the rest of his predecessors ; but so Jesus and his apostles never did.

13. "I know not whether that man who doeth these things, and hath begun to found his capital, called by his own name of blasphemy, upon seven hills above the sea, be he of whom John in the Apocalypse did speak, but he suiteth well in many respects with what John did prophesy.

14. "Hear me yet a little further. Ye will all, or nearly all, subscribe this creed ! Ye will be forced so to do ! For the Holy Spirit cometh upon no council of an earthly emperor, but only of Christ's Church. Henceforth, therefore, thaumaturgy shall be lost unto the Church ! Henceforth, therefore, Christianity shall be a human institution ! And the faith of Christians will be first one thing, then another, as successive

emperors may determine to be best. Those who now are orthodox will be proscribed as heretics, and those who now are heretics will be called orthodox; and Christian emperors will seek to exterminate Christian heretics with fire and sword throughout the world.

15. "See ye not that when Constantine shall die, and his sons shall succeed to empire, the faith of Christ which is now condemned shall be established by the imperial law as true? —And even thou, Athanasius, next Bishop of Alexandria, mayst find thyself a fugitive from thine episcopal palace (which the emperor shall give unto thee), a vagabond upon the friendless earth, a martyr for, or a renegade from, what thou now maintainest to be true!

16. "Brethren, I go hence to death, or banishment, or both. I care not for it. For I live in the steadfast faith and hope that, although the kingdom of heaven be now subverted by the man of sin, yet again some time, somehow, somewhere, it shall be re-established upon the foundation of faith and communism which our Lord did lay, and shall prevail; and war, slavery, and mammon-worship shall all cease to curse the world; for all people that love liberty and hate tyrants shall be Arians, and mankind shall yet realize the promise of our Lord which he confirmed by his life, by his miracles and parables, and by his death and resurrection, of universal liberty, equality, and fraternity. Brethren, farewell! and the peace of God be with you!"

NATHAN C. KOUNS.

EULOGY ON DANIEL WEBSTER.

1. THE voices of national eulogy and sorrow unite to tell us, Daniel Webster is numbered with the dead. Seldom has mortality seen a sublimer close of an illustrious career. No American, since Washington, has, to so great an extent, occupied the thoughts and moulded the minds of men. The past may hold back its tribute, and the present give no light, but the future will show, in colors of living truth, the honor which is justly due him as the political prophet and great intellectual light of the new world. His lifetime labors have been to defend the Constitution, to preserve the Union, to honor the great men of the Revolution, to vindicate international law, to develop the resources of the country, and transmit the blessings of good government to all who should thereafter walk on American soil.

2. Daniel Webster was great in all the elements of his character. Great in original mental strength,—great in varied and vast acquirements,—great in quick and keen perception,—great in subtle, logical discrimination,—great in force of thought,—great in power of intense and rigid analysis,—great in rare and beautiful combination of talents,—great in ability to make an effort and command his power,—great in range and acuteness of vision,—he could see like a prophet. Hence, his decision of character,—his bold, manly,

and independent thought,—his whole sovereignty of mind. No man, probably, ever lived, who could calculate with such mathematical certainty, the separate effect of human actions, or the intricate, combined, and complicated influence of every movement, social, political, or personal. He could define and determine the very destiny of influence.

3. This is the key to the problem of his greatness, an explanation to the miracle of his power. We are proud of his greatness, because it is American — wholly American! The very impulses of his heart were American. The spirit of American institutions had infused itself into his life,—had become a part of his being. He was proud of his country,—proud of her commerce,—proud of her manufactures,—proud of her agriculture,—proud of her institutions of art and science,—and proud of her wealth, her resources, and her labor. And all in turn were proud of him.

4. His patriotism was not bounded by the narrow limits of sectional interest, not hemmed in by State lines, nor regulated and biased by local politics. It was as broad as his country. He knew a north and a south, an east and a west; but he knew them only as one,—“One and inseparable!”

5. As a diplomatist, the world has never seen his equal. He wielded the pen of the nation with a power, a dignity, and a grandeur, wholly unparalleled in the annals of diplomacy. When clouds and darkness gloomed the heavens,—when the storm had gathered,

ready to burst in fury,—when the whole Republic every moment feared the mighty convulsive shock which should mar and shatter the fabric of their hopes,—then, standing on the summit of the trembling Acropolis, the angel of deliverance, he threw his burning chain over the cloud, and drew the lightning in safety from the heavens !

6. But it is as senator in that grand forum of the nation's congregated wisdom, power, and eloquence, we see him towering in all the majesty and supremacy of his greatness,—the mighty bulwark of the nation's hope,—the august arbiter of the nation's destiny. How grand ! how sublime ! how imperial ! how god-like ! It was here that he occupied the uncontested throne of human greatness ; exhibited himself to the world in all his grand and magnificent proportions,—wore a crown studded with gems that an emperor might covet,—won an immortality of envied honor, and covered himself with a glory, brighter, and purer, and higher than a conqueror has ever been permitted to achieve. Here he proved himself the conservator of constitutional liberty, and bequeathed to history an appellation, every letter of which shall glow with grateful, undiminished lustre, when the hand that penned it shall be forgotten, and the deeds it records shall be buried among the dim legends of tradition. It was in this high arena, that he “became enamored of glory and was admitted to her embrace.”

7. Eloquence was his panoply — his very stepping-

stone to fame. She twined upon his brow a wreath which antiquity might covet,—inspired his soul with a divinity which shaped his lofty destiny, and threw a light upon his track of glory, which no fortune could obscure. She bore him up to the Pisgah of renown, where he sat solitary and alone, the monarch of a realm, whose conqueror wears no bloody laurels,—whose fair domain no carnage can despoil, and in whose bright crown no pillaged pearls are set.

8. As a forensic orator, I know of no age, past or present, which can boast his superior. He united the boldness and energy of the Grecian, and the grandeur and strength of the Roman, to an original, sublime simplicity, which neither Grecian nor Roman possessed. He did not deal in idle declamation and lofty expression ; his ideas were not embalmed in rhetorical embellishments, nor buried up in the superfluous tinsel of metaphor and trope. He clothed them for the occasion ; and if the crisis demanded, they stood forth naked, in all their native majesty, armed with a power which would not bend to the passion, but only stooped to conquer the reason.

9. Sublime, indeed, it was to see that giant mind when roused in all its grandeur, sweep over the fields of reason and imagination, bearing down all opposition, as with the steady and resistless power of the ocean billows,—to see the eye, the brow, the gesture, the whole man speaking with an utterance too sublime for language,—a logic too lofty for speech.

10. His fame shall outlive marble; for when time shall efface every letter from the crumbling stone,—yea, when the marble itself shall dissolve to dust, his memory shall be more deeply incased in the hearts of unborn millions, and from his tomb shall arise a sacred incense which shall garnish the concave of his native sky with the brightest galaxy of posthumous fame, and on its broad arch of studded magnificence shall be braided in “characters of living light,” Daniel Webster! the great Defender of the Constitution.

11. Trite and insipid would it be in me to trace further that mighty genius through his wonderful career. There are his acts,—noble, lofty, godlike! They are their own historians! There are his thoughts, high, heroic, and sublime! They stand alone, unequalled, unalloyed, imperishable. They are the world’s legacy. His fame has taken the pinions of ubiquity; it is already enchased deep in the hearts of grateful millions, “AND THERE IT WILL REMAIN FOREVER.”

CLARKE.

WORK.

1. **THERE** is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish,

mean, is in communication with Nature: the real desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations which are truth.

2. Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows!—draining off the sour festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and its value be great or small!

3. Labor is life; from the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence, breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, to all knowledge, "self knowledge," and much else, so soon as work fitly begins. Knowledge! the knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea, to that. Properly, thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working: the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds in endless logic vortices, till we try it and fix it. "Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by action alone."

4. Older than all preached gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, forever-enduring gospel: work, and therein have well-being. Man, son of earth and of heaven, lies there not, in the innermost heart of thee, a spirit of active method, a force for work, that burns like a painfully smoldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent facts around thee? What is immethodic, waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable, obedient, and productive to thee.

5. Wheresoever thou findest disorder, there is thy eternal enemy; attack him swiftly, subdue him; make order of him; the subject, not of chaos, but of intelligence, divinity, and thee! The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out, that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub, gather its waste white down, spin it, weave it; that, in place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered.

6. But, above all, where thou findest ignorance, stupidity, brute-mindedness — attack it, I say; smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest and it lives; but smite, smite in the name of God! The highest God, as I understand it, does audibly so command thee; still audibly if thou have ears to hear. He, even He, with his unspoken voice, is fuller than any Sinai thunders, or syllabled speech of whirlwinds; for the *silence* of deep eternities, of worlds from beyond the morning stars, does it not speak to thee?

7. The unborn ages; the old graves, with their long-mouldering dust, the very tears that wetted it, now all dry — do not these speak to thee what ear hath not heard? The deep death-kingdoms, the stars in their never-resting courses, all space and all time, proclaim it to thee in continual silent admonition. Thou, too, if ever man should, shalt work while it is called to-day; for the night cometh, wherein no man can work.

8. All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven. Sweat of the brow, and up from that to sweat of the brain; sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all sciences, all spoken epics, all acted heroism, martyrdoms — up to that “agony of bloody sweat,” which all men have called divine! O brother, if this is not “worship,” then, I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God’s sky.

9. Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow-workmen there, in God’s eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving: sacred band of the immortals, celestial body-guard of the empire of mind. Even in the weak human memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving: peopling, they alone, the immeasured solitudes of Time!

10. To thee heaven, though severe, is *not* unkind; heaven is kind — as a noble mother; as that Spartan mother, saying, while she gave her son his shield, “*With it, my son, or upon it!*” Thou, too, shalt return *home*, in honor, to thy far distant home, in honor; doubt it not — if in the battle thou keep thy shield! Thou, in the eternities and deepest death-kingdoms, art not an alien; thou everywhere art a denizen! Complain not; the very Spartans did not *complain*.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

GRADATIM.

I.

HEAVEN is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

II.

I count this thing to be grandly true :
That a noble deed is a step toward God -
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

III.

We rise by the things that are under our feet ;
By what we have mastered of good and gain ;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

IV.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light,
But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night,
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

V.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

VI.

Wings for the angel, but feet for men !
We may borrow the wings to find the way—
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray ;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

VII.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls ;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

VIII.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound ;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.

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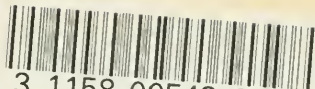
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